

SUNDAY MORNIN' COMIN' DOWN

WELL I [G] WOKE UP SUNDAY MORNING
WITH NO [C] WAY TO HOLD MY
[D7] HEAD THAT DIDN'T [G] HURT
AND THE [G] BEER I HAD
FOR [Em] BREAKFAST WASN'T BAD,
SO I HAD ONE MORE FOR DES-[D7]-SERT.
THEN I [G] FUMBLER IN MY [G7] CLOSET,
THROUGH MY [C] CLOTHES
AND FOUND MY CLEANEST DIRTY [G] SHIRT.
AND I [C] WASHED MY FACE AND [D7] COMBED MY HAIR
AND [C] STUMBLED DOWN
THE [D7] STAIRS TO MEET THE [G] DAY.

I'D [G] SMOKED MY MIND THE NIGHT BEFORE
WITH [C] CIGARETTES
AND [D7] SONGS I'D BEEN [G] PICKIN'
BUT I [G] LIT MY FIRST AND WATCHED A [Em] SMALL KID
PLAYIN' WITH A CAN THAT HE WAS [D7] KICKING
THEN I [G] WALKED ACROSS THE [G7] STREET
AND CAUGHT THE [C] SUNDAY SMELL
OF SOMEONE'S FRYIN' [G] CHICKEN
AND LORD IT [C] TOOK ME BACK TO [D7] SOMETHIN'
THAT I [C] LOST SOMEWHERE,
SOME-[D7]-HOW ALONG THE [G] WAY

CHORUS:

ON A SUNDAY MORNING [C] SIDEWALK
I'M WISHING LORD THAT I WAS [G] STONED
'CAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING IN A [D] SUNDAY
THAT MAKES A BODY FEEL A-[G]-LONE.
AND THERE'S NOTHIN' SHORT OF [C] DYIN'
THAT'S HALF AS LONESOME AS THE [G] SOUND
OF THE SLEEPIN' CITY [D] SIDEWALK
AND SUNDAY MORNIN' COMIN' [G] DOWN.

IN THE [G] PARK I SAW A DADDY
WITH A [C] LAUGHIN' LITTLE [D7] GIRL
THAT HE WAS [G] SWINGIN'
AND I [G] STOPPED BESIDE A [Em] SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND LISTENED TO THE SONGS THEY WERE [D7] SINGIN'
THEN I [G] HEADED DOWN THE [G7] STREET
AND SOMEWHERE [C] FAR AWAY
A LONELY BELL WAS [G] RINGIN'
AND IT [C] ECHOED THROUGH THE [D7] CANYON
LIKE THE [C] DISAPPEARING
[D7] DREAMS OF YESTER-[G]-DAY.

CHORUS, { SLOW DOWN ON LAST LINE }

